THE

Theatrical Inquisitor;

OR

LITERARY MIRROR.

FOR

JANUARY, 1813.

BY CERBERUS.

ΗΚΩ, *νεκρῶν κενθμῶνα καὶ σκότον πύλας*
λιπών, ἵν' Αἴδης χωρὶς ὤκισται θεῶν

Euripidis Hecuba.

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Embellished with

A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT OF

MISS E. BOLTON.

In the character of Julia, in Twenty Years Ago.

London:

Published for the Proprietors by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row; sold by Keys, Coleman Street, at the back of the Bank; and may be had of all Booksellers.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Herrings, answer to Mr. Grove will be inserted in our next.

We have received a second Letter from Abraham Slender, Junr. Esq. It will appear next Month.

What does Junius Brutus mean?

E. D. Had better, take himself and letter to the regions he talks of—They will no doubt, there find what they most need. *Fire!*

Correspondents are requested to send their communications, *post-paid*, early in the month to Messrs. Sherwood, and Co. Paternoster-row.

ERRATA.

Page.	Line.	
246,	2,	*for* fleshy *read* fleshly
	3,	*dele* a *after* or a new—
	6,	*for* in spite of *read* in a spirit of.
	18,	*for* my several *read* several of my
247	8,	*for* Rœburus *read* Rœburns
	10,	*dele* too
	22,	*for* these *read* the
248,	6,	*for* is infallible *read* is not infallible
	32,	*for* accomplishment *read* accompaniment
249,	9,	*for* yet I prefer warm *read* and yet prefer warm
250,	13,	*for* my be divided *read* may be divided
	15,	*for* reader, *read* readers
	28,	*for* opinion, *read* opinions

I. Powck pinx.ᵗ H.R. Cook sculp.

MISS E. BOLTON.

as Julia in Twenty Years ago.

Engraved for the Theatrical Inquisitor.

Published Janʸ 1ˢᵗ 1813 for the Proprietors by Sherwood and Cᵒ Paternoster Row.

THE

THEATRICAL INQUISITOR,

FOR

DECEMBER, 1812.

DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

MISS ELIZA BOLTON.

In presenting our readers with the histrionic memoirs of this young lady, we are totally unprovided with any of that anecdote which forms, in some measure, the principal charm of Dramatic Biography. We can only, therefore, lay before them an unadorned narrative of facts, with which we have been furnished from the most authentic source.—To some of our readers this will be a matter of small regret: they will appreciate more highly that narrative, whose very nakedness vouches for its authenticity, than if it was thickly embellished by smart anecdote, the veracity of which is in many instances but equivocal; for it frequently happens that the detail of a commonplace circumstance, possessing in its original state nothing at all worthy of notice or preservation receives from the humour and wit of its chroniclers that point and naiveté which constitutes it an anecdote; though like the clown who turned courtier in the fable it often looses its truth and honesty in the metamorphoses.—Although we are in possession of the data and circumstances of every occurrence of any note in Miss E. Bolton's theatrical career, they are so few and unobtrusive as to promise little either of entertainment or instruction. We yet venture to presume the perusal of them will not be found totally unpleasing: persons of the most refined taste, the most cultivated intellect have derived pleasure from marking the pro-

gress of the humble but musical rill; of the beauteous though modest violet; surely then they will feel the same degree of pleasure in attending the unassuming career of a young lady possessing the talents, beauty and modesty, which are so peculiarly the characteristics of Miss E. Bolton. We shall, therefore, without further preliminary, submit our short sketch to the public, adapting our language to our subject.

Miss Eliza Bolton is the younger sister of the young lady who forms so distinguished an ornament to the boards of Covent-Garden Theatre. Who is not only an excellent vocal performer, but an extremely clever actress, both serious and comic, opposite qualifications which we do but rarely find united in one person. At the early age of fourteen the rays of her sister's fame beaming upon the subject of our present sketch, like the rays of the sun upon the harp of Memnon elicited her musical powers; these powers were then like that harp in the hands of the statue—a treasure in the possession of one unconscious of its worth. Miss E. Bolton, therefore, by the advice of her friends, put herself under the care of Mr. H. R. Bishop, the present composer to Covent-Garden Theatre, with whom she remained for three years. It was during this period that Mr. Arnold, the manager of the Lyceum, heard a specimen of her abilities, with which he was so well pleased as immediately to make her an offer of an engagement to perform in his summer series of English Operas. It was here in 1808 that she made her debut in the theatrical and musical world, (being then no more than sixteen years of age) as Mrs. Maudlin in the Burletta of Poor Vulcan, and gained much credit both as an actress and vocal performer, displaying buds of genius which afforded abundance of promise as to their excellence when they should be matured and have expanded to their full growth. In the winter following she was engaged for the Oxford Concerts, where she again performed with the same degree of credit to herself and satisfaction of the crowded audiences before whom she exhibited—her modesty fully shielding her faults, and her outh more than excusing her want of power. Seceding from he tuition of Mr. Bishop, she placed herself under the care of Mr. Bellamy, with whom she remained twelve months; but Mr.

B. leaving his professional avocations at Covent-Garden, and retiring into the country, she placed herself with Mr. Thomas Walsh, whose able instructions she deemed would be still serviceable to her, and who still continues to aid her with his musical knowledge.

She returned to the Lyceum again last summer and sustained in the favourite pieces of M. P., The Boarding House, &c. characters which had been before performed by Mrs. Mountain and Miss Kelly; evincing the considerable improvement her assiduity had obtained for her during the short period of two intervening seasons.

She is now engaged with her sister at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, where she has performed a variety of characters in a manner most creditable to her attention and talents and satisfactory to the public who have patronised her. We can only bid her "go on and prosper," recommending to her as a model her excellent sister, who is improving every hour, and outstripping even the expectations of her most sanguine friends; we shall only instance to support our assertions, her recent performances of Annette, in the Lord of the Manor, and Ariel in the Tempest.

THE BARKER.

NO. I.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, blanch and sweetheart. See they bark at me.

Tom will throw his head at them.

SHAKSPEARE.

Do not imagine, gentle reader, on perusing the title, that this communication comes from Doctor's-commons or Monmouth-street, nor that its writer is one of those insinuating gentlemen, who are placed, like wooden figures at the door-posts of proctor's and salesmen's shops, so kindly to take notice of your

necessities, and with such a christian-like spirit to invite your entering into a new cloth or ecclesiastical suit;—a new fleshy one—or a new a spiritual one. No, gentle reader, its writer is simply your humble servant Cerberus, who has commenced this article, which he hopes to continue through many succeeding numbers in spite of retaliation. All the world are barkers: every one, actuated by various passions, is barking at his neighbour: one through pride, another through hatred, and as I have already signified by my motto, quoted from Lear, "The little dogs" have long been in the habit of barking and snarling at *me*. Whether it may be my sententious method of conversation, the old fashioned air of my habiliments, or the formal cut of my wig, I know not; but this I know: that I now mean to throw one, and occasionally more of my heads at them, and to bark, not at their persons, but at their follies and vices. Indeed I will not promise that I shall not now and then bite, as well as bark. Before I enter upon this (as I conceive it) laudable design, I shall comply with the wishes of my several readers, (communicated to me through the medium of various twopenny-post letters) and give a further and *personal* account of myself and habits; which will form, I hope, a not improper supplement to what appeared in the first number of this work. To begin then with my features! of which I positively intended to have presented my readers with a likeness, and had actually applied to Alvey for that purpose, who liberally agreed to take it for five guineas; but upon taking off the cauliflower wig (before mentioned) and discovering to him my three heads, he very provokingly declared he could not delineate them for less than three times the sum agreed upon; fifteen guineas! which, in the present state of my finances, I really could not afford to pay. I am in consequence, readers, obliged to give you a pen, instead of a pencil, sketch of my phiz, or rather phizzes; for there will be a fine growling if I make any exceptions. To commence then—I am —— that is my face, is of a —— I mean ——— Pshaw! I cannot get on though I have sat a full hour reflecting and reflected before the looking glass. In vain do I perform a thumb solo and a three-fingered concerto upon the table—bite the end of my pen, and use other methods resorted

to by the most experienced writers in order to raise ideas—as a last resource I will take up a book; this, our modern writers find a never failing one. Ha! what have we here? the "Lady of the Lake," as I live. Now as the Lady of Branksome raised spirits by reading in the magic book of Michael Scott, so have I raised ideas by reading in the book of *Walter* Scott; for this very book happens most fortunately to be embellished with Rœburus' historical portrait of the author. Fortune I thank thee! this will save me a world of trouble, for along with the poet's is the portrait of his dog too—a worthy mastiff, whose honest looking countenance, though I myself say it, and should not say it, as the saying is, presents an exact prototype of my own three, always remembering the following exceptions: My right head has a white spot upon its nose—my left blinks its eye a little (I have revealed to you my blind side, reader) and my middle head boasts a large pair of whiskers: thus have I accomplished this difficult task; really, Mr. Scott, I am infinitely obliged to you, or, more correctly speaking, to your dog! and I feel persuaded if ever we should by chance meet together, we should quickly become very sociable; for I have never seen a portrait of you, that was not accompanied by one of these canine species, and I know from good authority, and report it with much pleasure, that you entertain a sincere partiality for all our race. But to proceed—my stature is of the middle size; my form—of the greyhound make—I being, like most of my brother editors, rather slim—but not to say lank. My name "Crusty Cerberus;" to which any title may be added that the reader pleases. The appellation Crusty was constantly bestowed upon me when in the bosom of my family; for what reason I know not. As I flatter myself I am by nature somewhat of the spaniel, being always very sociably inclined, I have thought proper to retain this name, but comfort myself with the reflexion, that though it is christian, in one sense, it certainly is not in another.

My temper is placid—I am a lover of ease, and though abstemious, (seldom drinking any liquid stronger than water), I have no objection now and then to picking a savory bone.—

N. B. I have an awkward knack (of which I am trying to break myself) of bolting my victuals.

My good qualities are, at the least two! It is universally allowed, by those who know me, that I am endowed with sagacity and fidelity. It cannot, however, be concealed that my sagacity is infallible—as for instance; when first I came to London, being a perfect stranger and extremely hungry, upon my enquiring means to satisfy it, a wicked wag put me upon a wrong scent in Horsemonger-lane; where, though I certainly reached a gaol, it was not the one I wished:—and again, while residing at Paris, before my arrival in England, I was terribly frightened one day by observing "*L'Homme de trois Visages**" advertised to be exhibited at the Theatre de l'Empereur that very evening. I directly made a precipitate retreat, thinking it could be no one but myself, and imagining every moment some one was lurking behind to secure me. It was not till I had scampered nearly one hundred miles from Paris, that I discovered the cause of my alarm was only the advertisement of a play to be performed that night.

My religion is tolerant—I am a Unitarian and firmly believe in the creed of St. Athanasious—the mystery of the Three in One.

My literature is various—I am partial to logic and syllogisms; and have a profound respect for Aristotle, who first invented the art of reasoning *through three heads*! I have also a pretty tolerable proficiency in dog-latin.

My taste in music is far from despicable. One of my heads is partial to a solo; the second joins him in a liking for a duetto; and all three are fond of a trio! My sensibility to harmony is so great, that on hearing certain notes, I cannot help uttering several cries (I suppose) of admiration! which some people are apt to regard as a very bad accomplishment. I have also a very quick ear at whistling.

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* Written, I believe, by Pixiricourt author of "La Femme de deux Maris," and translated by Powell under the title of "The Venetian Outlaw."

My taste in drawing is general. I like all species of drawing, always excepting bakers trucks.

My principles are unsettled. I am sometimes inclined to be revolutionary, having an utter aversion to collars, canes, white sticks, &c. And yet I have no ambition to become a leader, especially if blind men happen to be in the way.

My taste in general affairs. As to the weather—my long residence in Kamschatka has rendered me able to bear cold weather; yet I prefer warm; I am, therefore, quite at home in the *dog-days.* As to sports and recreations, I am fond of hunting! and am often pastorally inclined, liking to follow the sheep. I have likewise no objection now and then to a game at bumble-puppy! but I detest bull-baiting, and have a mortal aversion to dog-skinners. As to my walks; I like a frisk in the fields, to breathe the fresh air—I sometimes visit Bethnal-green, take a turn down the dog-row, &c.; but studiously avoid markets and butchers, having observed one of my species (attracted by some *lights* hung out to *allure* him) made a mark for a butcher's knife, which mark I am persuaded was not easily effaced.

My lodgings are at the sign of the Muzzled Mastiff, Kennel court, Houndsditch.

My acquaintances are few. I have one country friend who lives at Barking; another who resides in the Isle of Dogs; and a third who has a seat at Kennilworth. As to my Town acquaintances, one is the friendly old gentleman before mentioned who has a house in Greyhound-place, Strand; and generally meets me at the Spotted Dog in that neighbourhood.

I believe I have now given a pretty tolerably comprehensive account of myself and habits. I have been more diffuse and minute than I should have been, on account of observing among the letters with which I was honoured, two or three written in delicate crow-quill hands on fine wove paper, perfumed in the sweetest manner possible, and signed with the enchanting names of "Rosabella," "Amoretta," and "Julia Matilda." As I well know how fatal any delay in satisfying the curiosity of a female would prove; I have given this *particular* account of myself; which, I hope, will satisfy even a female's

curiosity. I shall now, without further delay, proceed to the commencement of my barkings. I hope I shall not be deemed presumptuous in this undertaking; for the reader will recollect that all all my predecessors in periodical essay writing had but one head—now I have three: and if we allow the truth of that proverb, which tells us "two heads are better than one," what must three heads be? why, better than two!

The triumvirate have already agreed upon the different articles each is to furnish in furtherance of this undertaking; and with respect to the questions that may be submitted to *me*, it is resolved that it shall be laid before *them* in full council, and carried by a majority, and that, where the question is of importance, and my heads my be divided upon its merits, their several sentiments and arguments shall be preserved and laid before our reader; a proceeding which, I trust, will not be found wanting in entertainment or instruction. In my barkings I mean to divide the follies and vices of mankind under the following heads—an arrangement, which has met with the unequivocal approbation of all my three heads:—

SCALE OF CENSURE.

Vices and follies of the 1st class—a bark and bite.
Ditto . . . 2d ditto—a howl.
Ditto . . . 3d ditto—a growl.
Ditto . . . 4th ditto—a grumble.
Ditto . . . 5th ditto—a snarl.
Ditto . . . 6th ditto—a snap.

I do confidently expect that the same attention will be paid to my opinion in literature, &c. as there would be to those of a Bashaw in life; for as all men feel themselves bound to respect what falls from a *Bashaw* with three tails; they surely ought doubly to respect what falls from a *writer* with three tails, which I am blest with, as well as three heads: that is, I have two to my perrywig and one elsewhere. I shall here conclude, and proceed directly to my subject.

The following letter having arrived just as I was on the point of commencing an essay, I shall close my lucubrations for the

month, by submitting it to the inspection of my readers. My next number will contain an answer to it.

Letter from Humphrey Hazel to Cerberus.

SIR, Dec. 6, 1812, Portman-square.

Will you permit a plain spoken, unlearned man to submit his case for your consideration, and, I trust, reprobation; for I am persuaded if you were to pass some heavy censure upon the folly of which I complain, it would have a great weight with my wife, and Mr. Snooksby, her friend—who, I perceive, have your publication lying upon their breakfast table. You must know, sir, that I was lately a farmer in the wilds of Kent, where I passed my time in tilling the earth, and led a pretty comfortable life as times go; but unfortunately for me (I say *unfortunately* for so I regard it) a rich relation died, and left me the possession of an immense fortune. Here begins my troubles; for as soon as the news was known, my wife, by the advice of Mr. Snooksby, (who is a practitioner in physic and midwifery in our village, and a plaguy favourite with the women) declared she would in future go and live in Lunnon; and immediately dispatched Mr. Snooksby, as having an excellent taste, to hire a house and furnish it in the first style of the present kick, as she calls it. We accordingly, last Monday, received a letter from Mr. S. informing us that he had taken a house in Portman-square, which was then all furnished and ready for our reception. Dame and I, upon this, mounted our chay-cart, which she talks of turning into a *Land-daw*, and drove off post to Lunnon. We soon reached our residence, which was as handsome a house to look at outside as eyes could wish to see. But when we got inside—Oh, Lord! in the passage, or hall, as Dame calls it, were two smoke-jack figures—naked Wenus's, as black as my hat, standing up in two nooks in the wall, holding lamps. I didn't much wonder at seeing them, for there's plenty of them all alive to be met with in the streets any day. Neither do I complain of the rest of the *naked statutes* that are about the house, though they are enough to scandalize any man; for my wife says they are heathenish and greekish, and admired by all your great schollards:—but what I complain of, is, that not content with these figures, they have

got all sorts of monsters all over the house; I went to look at myself in the glass, when only conceive the horror I felt, sir, to behold a huge crocodile lying all along the bottom of it—I shook in every limb, and ran away terribly scared, nor can I now, though they assure me it is only a sham one, approach it without trembling. Then I went to seat myself on the *sofy*, I beheld two of the ugliest creatures I ever set eyes on; my wife calls them *spinks's*. They were tiger-cats with women's heads, had they been women with tiger-cat's heads, it would have been more proper I think. But to proceed—I conquered my alarm towards night when it was again renewed; for when I got into bed I perceived two huge griffins on each side of my pillow; and I was obliged to leap upon the bed at the risk of falling backwards and breaking my neck, not daring to touch the bed-posts, there being a nest of monstrous serpents twined round them. I assure you I could not get a wink of sleep for thinking of the dreadful griffins, that let me turn which way I would, stared me in the face. In the morning I was worse off, for, as I was going to get out of bed, in order to dress myself, I perceived a terrible tiger lying upon the side-carpet, ready to spring at me on a moment's notice. These things have frightened me exceedingly, and I am persuaded such another day of alarms would effectually send me out of the world. I can scarce persuade myself they are not real. My wife says they are horizontal fashions, and come from the banks of the Gangees. I think them very foolish fashions. If they must have animals, a few lambs would be better than all the griffins and tigers, and a nice band of roses and gillyflower would beat all the vipers—but then my wife says it would not be so consistent with her feelings, and she's right; for it cannot be denied but that she has more of the tiger than the lamb in her, and then Mr. Snooksby might take umbrage if the vipers were removed. I must, therefore beg, sir, that you will pass some heavy censure upon these *monstrous* doings, which, I hope, will have its due effect upon my wife and Mr. Snooksby, and by causing them to make my house less like a booth of monsters, and enable me to live in some kind of comfort which I cannot say I do at present.

Your very humble servant,

W. G. T. HUMPHRY HAZEL.

THE UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

A Tale,

BY MRS. HAMILTON.

(Continued from page 207.)

"Need I say that Albert received her with transport—they were immediately married, and D'Orsinval wrote, in the humblest terms to entreat his parents' forgiveness of a step which was, in his circumstances, certainly excusable. The Count and Countess were, however, inexorable; but what was the surprise of Albert at receiving, from his brother, a letter, written in the most affectionate terms, after entreating him to let the past be buried in oblivion, and, congratulating him upon his marriage, Theodore thus continued,—

"'I take shame to myself for the persecution which your Genevieve has experienced from me, and I can only say that my future conduct shall convince you how sincerely I regret the infatuation which, for so long a time, made me unmindful of the duties of a brother and a friend. Leave to me, my dear Albert, the task of reconciling our parents to a step which they will, I hope soon view with different eyes; I know that you will use all your interest to procure my pardon from your Genevieve, whom I long to embrace as my sister. I will not deceive you, D'Orsinval, it has cost me a severe struggle to view her in that light, but I have at length subdued my stubborn heart, and, trust me, I am proud of a victory which you, and perhaps only you, can estimate.'

"'What do you think of this letter, my beloved?' said D'Orsinval, as his Genevieve returned it to him.

"She blushed, and was, for a moment, silent.

"'I will will own to you, Albert,' said Genevieve, 'that this sudden alteration appears to me strange, and I must have some proofs of your brother's sincerity before I credit his declarations.'

"Albert thought with his Genevieve; but when Count D'Orsinval wrote to his son and daughter, as he stiled them, and after according his forgiveness of their marriage, pressed

their return to Paris: when he added, too, that he was urged to this step by Theodore; D'Orsinval and his lovely wife exchanged glances of self accusation.

"They lost no time in obeying the wish of their father, who welcomed them affectionately; the Countess received them civilly but coldly; but Theodore welcomed them with all the warmth of paternal affection: he noticed the increased size of Madame D'Orsinval, who was in the way that women

'Wish to be who love their lords,'

and he congratulated Albert, with unaffected pleasure, on a circumstance so likely to add to his felicity.

"D'Orsinval was indeed of opinion that those writers, who have taken so much pains to convince mankind, that happiness dwells not upon earth, were strangers to the delights which flow from a union at once tender and pure. The birth of a lovely boy, while it increased his gratitude to heaven, alarmed him for the safety of his adored wife, who was, for two days, in a state of extreme danger; Providence, however, restored her to his anxious prayers and when he beheld her, blooming in renovated health, and looking more beautiful than ever, with the precious pledge of love in her arms; when he saw her perform with the utmost tenderness, yet with the strictest delicacy, all the duties of a nurse to her infant, he felt, that dear as his mistress and wife had been, the mother was still dearer to his heart.

"The death of Count D'Orsinval put him in possession of the title, and such of the estates that were entailed. His father's personal property became, as he expected it would, his brother's: possessed, in right of his wife, of a most noble inheritance, the generous D'Orsinval, far from regretting the will of his father, thought only of rendering his brother's income still more adequate to his rank in life, and, with the perfect concurrence of the Countess, who had entirely conquered the ill opinion which she formerly entertained of Theodore, he presented to his brother an estate, which left the division of their father's property equal.

"Theodore at first scrupled to accept an addition to his in-

come, which, he declared, he did not want; but his affectionate brother would not be refused; the Countess, too, joined in her lord's request, and M. D'Orsinval, at last, suffered himself to be prevailed upon.

" ' My dear Albert,' said Genevieve, one day, as her delighted husband laid down his book to watch her playing with the child, who was then rather more than a year old, ' I have something to say to you, but you must promise not to chide me.'

" ' Chide you, my Genevieve!' repeated D'Orsinval, in an accent of surprise, ' how could so strange a thought, occur to you, my love?"

" ' Nay,' said she, affecting to smile, ' it is because I am conscious I deserve it.'

" ' I am sure,' replied the Count, warmly, ' I shall not think so; come tell me this weighty sin that lies upon your conscience; but first, let me show my lovely penitent how she may purchase absolution.'

" He clasped her to his bosom as he spoke, but in releasing her he perceived her dove-like eyes filled with tears.

" ' Do not alarm yourself, dear D'Orsinval,' cried the Countess, ' there is no cause; I am angry with myself, indeed I am, for an unaccountable weakness which hangs upon my spirits: but when I look round the circle of our mutual friends; when I reflect on the various evils, some greater, others less, which poisons the lot of almost every one but ourselves, I cannot help, while I bless Providence for the felicity I enjoy, fearing that it is too transcendant to be lasting.'

" ' Nay—now,' cried the Count, ' now I must chide, indeed I must have more confidence, my Genevieve, in the goodness of that heaven which makes innocence its peculiar care; every action of your's, my love, has deserved its protection, and doubt not of still enjoying it.'

" Alas, sweet Genevieve! thy fears were too prophetic; the bright sun of happiness which had gilded the morning of thy days, was about to set, never to rise again.

" Count D'Orsinval was seized with a distemper, to which his physicians could not give a name, but they endeavoured to hush

the fears of the almost distracted Countess by assurances that his youth and the goodness of his constitution would carry him through it; and indeed, for a few days, he appeared to mend: every heart in his household was elated with joy at the prospect of his recovery, and the Countess, as she watched him, during a sweet sleep into which he had fallen, repeated incessantly to herself that heaven would yet spare him to her prayers; she heard him breathe heavily and she flew to see if he was awake. Ah! what was her surprise on beholding the change which a few short hours had made? those eyes, so often bent on her with looks of sweet complacency, were now nearly closed in death: that tongue, to which she had so often listened with delight, now tried vainly to articulate her name; yet, though life seceded fast, D'Orsinval's senses still remained. He knew his Genevieve, he extended to her a hand, whose icy chillness testified the approach of the king of terrors; she threw her arms around him; he made an effort to place his head upon her bosom, but he fell back upon his pillow and expired without a groan.

"Those only who have experienced the misery of surviving an object so much and so justly beloved, can conceive the sufferings of the wretched Genevieve; for some hours her attendants thought she would have followed her husband; their care, at length, restored her to that life which was now become hateful to her. She shut herself in her chamber and, for many days, refused to see her child. Her confessor at length demanded, and would not be refused access to her; this pious man took the only method that could have been successfully taken to restore the unfortunate Countess to a sense of those duties which yet remained for her to perform; he did not, with dry eyes and an unmoved countenance, use to her commonplace arguments—no, he deplored the loss she had sustained—he spoke with reverence and admiration of the virtues of her adored husband, to whose memory he paid the tribute of tears. Genevieve looked at him in silence; she could not weep, but when, at the father's order, her little son was brought in, when the good man placed the child in her arms, and, in a solemn tone, exhorted her to remember, that D'Orsinval still lived in

his boy, her overcharged heart found the relief which it had so long wanted, and she burst into a violent flood of tears.

"Never did the benevolent priest experience greater pleasure than in seeing them flow; he tried not, for a long time, to arrest their progress, at last he gently removed the infant from her arms, and, sinking on his knees beside her, he breathed aloud a fervent prayer for the soul of the deceased Count. Madame D'Orsinval was in an instant on her knees; he saw her lovely eyes cast to heaven, with a look of meek resignation, which proved that reason and religion had resumed their rights over her, and mentally blessing Providence for the success of his pious mission, he softly retired.

"From that day the Countess incessantly struggled with the grief which preyed upon her heart: she repeated to herself,—'Heaven has spared my child, and, for his dear sake I will, at least, try to live.' Theodore, too, exerted himself to the utmost to console her, and the violence of her sorrow had subsided into a calm but settled melancholy, when an event happened which wholly deprived the unfortunate Genevieve of her reason, and reduced her to a state which made her friends supplicate heaven to grant her death as a release from misery.

"This was the sudden disappearance of Ursull (the servant who attended the young Count,) and her infant charge: she had gone out in the morning to take her accustomed walk with the child, and, not returning at her usual time, the Countess sent some of the other servants in search of her, though without any sensation of alarm at her absence, which, she supposed, was occasioned by her having inadvertantly strayed too far. But when the other domestics returned, and, with consternation in their looks, informed the Countess that their search had proved a vain one, her terror exceeded all bounds—and, weak as she was, it was with difficulty that she could be restrained from going herself to endeavour to find them. Theodore, who was at the chateau, almost by force prevented her doing so, and in order to still those fears which he saw nearly drove the unhappy mother to frenzy, he quitted her with an assurance that he would not return without some tidings of her child.

"Terrified as she was, hope still lingered in the bosom of

the unhappy Counsess; but when, after a tedious absence, Theodore returned alone, and with looks which spoke a confirmation of her worst fear; she gave one heart-piercing shriek and sunk, in strong convulsions, into the arms of her attendants. For more than three days her life was despaired of, and when she began to recover it was the opinion of the physicians that reason was extinct. Theodore's behaviour on this occasion did honour to his heart: he had every physician of eminence; he himself spent hours in the chamber of his unhappy sister, and often, as he gazed on those lovely eyes, now robbed of that intelligence which was once their principal charm, big drops of sorrow would chase each other down his cheeks, and, unable to bear the sight, he would retire to shut himself in his chamber and give free vent to his emotions.

"For many months the unhappy Countess lingered in this dreadful state; heaven at length, in its mercy, released her, and it was not till a considerable time after her death that Theodore, now Count D'Orsinval again mixed with the world.

"At length he returned to his former mode of life, and possessed, as he now was, of a princely fortune, he might have selected a wife from amongst the haughtiest of the noblesse; but plebeian beauty captivated the heart of the Count. In an excursion which he made to an estate he had in a distant province, he saw, for the first time, the lovely Julie Armand; the young village maidens, attired in their best clothes, and bearing in their hand baskets filled with flowers, met him at some distance from the chateau; at their head was the fair Julie, and had a painter wished to personify Hebe, he would have searched in vain for a lovelier model; she advanced with a timid air to deliver the simple compliment which her companions had desired her to address to their lord; but when, at its conclusion, she raised her eyes and found those of the Count fixed upon her with an air of undisguised admiration, the crimson glow which suffused her lovely countenance, as she hastily retired from his ardent gaze, made her appear to D'Orsinval more than mortal.

"No sooner had he reached the chateau than he enquired who she was? and the answer which he received would have

acted as a talisman to shield the fair Julie from the attacks of any but a professed libertine. For centuries back the family of Armand had been the faithful vassals of the house of D'Orsinval; their industry and probity made them respected by the whole village. Pierre Armand, the father of Julie, and the last male branch of this respectable, though indigent, family was far advanced in years, and his blooming daughter was the pride and delight of his life; for her his little savings were treasured up with the strickest care, and well did her duty and affection repay his paternal love; no cottage in the village was so neat as Pierre Armand's, and a palace could not, in his opinion, furnish a more luxurious meal than the supper prepared by his Julie and partaken with her.

"Black indeed must be the heart that could deliberately plan the destruction of a happiness so pure, as that of Armand and his Julie; D'Orsinval's was that heart: Julie had kindled a flame in his bosom, and he resolved at any rate to obtain possession of her honor.

"To deceive the innocent and unsuspecting is no difficult matter, Julie was enchanted at the condescension which led her lord to their humble cottage; she listened with modest delight to the praises which he gave to her neatness, her industry, and, above all, to the attention which she paid her father. This was a theme to which the heart of Julie vibrated with transport, for she adored the parent whose idol she was: any one but D'Orsinval would have desisted from the inhuman task which he had imposed upon himself; for such was the native purity of Julie's heart, that it was evident she would never become voluntarily the slave of vice. Accident, however, seconded the views of the monster, and one fatal moment plunged the unfortunate Julie into misery.

"On an unusually sultry day the Count took his accustomed walk to the cottage of Armand, where he had not long been seated when a violent thunder storm came on—Julia, pale and motionless, could not conceal her alarm; the Count endeavoured to banish it, and Julie, ashamed of her timidity, struggled to conceal her apprehensions. She was seated beside the Count—her hand was locked in his, and in a voice of the

most soothing tenderness he was assuring her that the violence of the storm was passed, and that she had nothing to apprehend, when a loud and tremendous clash of thunder, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning shook the cottage almost to its foundation. At this awful sight Julie lost all self-command; she screamed aloud and threw herself into D'Orsinval's arms; alas! they were too readily opened to receive her—pale, trembling, and almost lifeless—the Count's caresses were not repulsed because they were not noticed. Nothing could more strongly mark the profligacy of D'Orsinval than his chusing such a moment for the perpetration of his infamous design. Scarcely was the lost Julie conscious of the act which covered her with dishonour; but when she awoke to reason and to recollection, what words can paint the agonies which rent her soul? 'My father? oh, my father! were the only words she uttered; but her countenance spoke volumes, and, hardened as the heart of her betrayer was, remorse for a moment touched it as he gazed upon his victim, who listened without a reply to all the arguments he used to reconcile her to the past; alarmed at her silence, he at last besought her, with vehemence, to speak to him; to say how he could repair what was not his fault, but his misfortune. At these words she raised her eyes, those eyes in which despair was painted, and fixing them upon him, articulated in a low and solemn tone,—'Let me never see you more!' She then hastily retired to her own little apartment, and, fastening the door remained deaf to all his entreaties for even a few minutes conversation.

"From that day D'Orsinval sought in vain for a private interview with the object of his guilty passion, whose looks spoke her sufferings. Pale, emaciated, and scarcely the shadow of her former self, her almost distracted father feared not only for her health but even for her life. Alas! there was a dreadful cause for the altered appearance of the unfortunate girl; she felt that she was about to become a mother.

(To be continued,)

MISCELLANIES.

ON HAPPINESS.

When distant view'd, the glitt'ring object cheer'd;
But when approach'd, it fading disappear'd.

As happiness is an enjoyment which is eagerly sought after by all descriptions of mankind, and so small a portion of it is found notwithstanding all their endeavours to obtain it, one is led to conclude that either improper means are employed for its attainment, or that a wrong conception is generally formed of the object itself.

Almost every one, at some part of his life, is fondly looking forward to some future time when he expects his present plans will arrive at maturity, and when the hopes he has in view will be realized, by which he is encouraged to persevere in surmounting every obstacle which he imagines lays between him and their accomplishment. But it is very generally the case, that when we contemplate future enjoyments, the prospect of them imparts a more lively satisfaction than can be derived from the situation we so ardently wish to place ourselves in:—for, in anticipating a future pleasure, it is the same as when we view an object at a distance which charms our eye; its brightness or beauty engages our attention, and we are desirous of approaching nearer that we may more distinctly behold and admire it; but as we advance and as it lays more under our inspection, we begin to find it composed of blemishes and irregularities, and the more closely we examine it, the more productive of disappointment does it become; and we are surprised that an object whose component parts are so little calculated to afford pleasure when viewed separately, should yet misgude us by assuming an air of regularity and beauty when seen collectively and at a distance. When we look forward upon a state which we conceive will make us happy, we are so much captivated with the general and outward appearance of it as to suffer our judgment

to be materially deceived. We forget to depreciate its enjoyments according to the attendant disappointments and defeats which we are continually experiencing in other and dissimilar pursuits, but proportion our expectations to the full extent of satisfaction we should derive from the possession of means which neither accident nor natural consequences interrupted; although we are well aware, both from experience and observation, that obstructions are perpetually springing up to oppose our designs, which neither prudence can always elude nor fortitude withstand! still, as they are often effects produced from causes which our will concurs not in forming, and which our utmost vigilance cannot prevent; and may appear to us in forms which the utmost reflection could not have foreseen nor prepared us for, we flatter ourselves with hopes that they will happen to us in such a manner as will least interrupt our happiness.

That our infelicity depends in a great measure upon the erroneous ideas we form upon happiness, and not that misery must of necessity be entailed upon us because we are liable to evils which prudence cannot escape, is pretty evident from the resignation with which these unavoidable misfortunes which are incidental to the life of men are submitted to by those who have discovered wherein true happiness consists. One great cause of this mistake is, that we place too implicit a confidence in the decision of the world upon what is formed this object of universal pursuit, and suffer ourselves to be too easily imposed upon by appearances which, if thoroughly examined, would be found only to be delusive, and that we consider custom and worldly reputation of too much importance to be neglected, although we are continually convinced that both are established on an improper basis. If, when we first make the attainments of happiness the object of our endeavours, we were seriously and impartially to consider what constitutes it to the greatest extent, and upon what foundation it is the best secured against all outward attacks and accidental events; if we were to scrutinize the means which are to be employed for the accomplishment of this end to trace their tendency in all their particulars, and carefully to deduce their remote and ultimate effects; we should perceive

that there are no means can be used which would concentrate in one point and fulfil a man's expectations independant on subsequent events, no period in life to which he can attain to complete his wishes which precludes the necessity of further exertions, nor present enjoyments which can satisfy every desire and prevent him covetting others which he is not possessed of. That it is the object and ultimate design of all to secure to themselves happiness, and that the wish of each is to use such measures as will be most successful, is a self-evident proposition which requires no argument to confirm; and that where an individual has engaged in such as have not accomplished his purpose, the failure is more to be attributed to error of judgment in the formation of the plan than an indifference to his own interest is evident from the disappointment which always attends the miscarriage.

But it would be imagined, that when means have been repeatedly tried which practice has found inadequate for the purpose, others, who succeeded in the pursuit of the same object, would carefully avoid them, and benefiting by the knowledge of their predecessors, engage in such only as experience has pronounced competent to ensure success.

This would generally be the case, if all our ideas of happiness concurred in one point; and a man would be acting contrary to his own interests and inconsistently with the principles of reason, if he were to depart from this rule. But we estimate it in such a variety of forms, according as accident or inclination causes us to view it: we cannot at all times discriminate between what will yield us enjoyment and what will involve us in error, and even that which eventually would terminate to our advantage we oftentimes regard as an evil, and avoid it by following another pursuit more flattering which in the end proves one. We too frequently deceive ourselves by suffering external appearances to have an undue influence upon our judgment without examining their reality, and to gain applause or elude ridicule we often join in the chase after trifles invented by caprice which cannot possibly procure us any satisfaction; and for the sake of present gratification exercise passions which we know will end in remorse, or purchase present pleasure at the

expence of future peace. We are invited under such a complication of attractions to fall in with the whims of fashion and the follies of dissipation, that if we even withstand all the temptations, we are sometimes apt to think we are debarring ourselves from substantial enjoyment. It is from the idea of enjoying happiness which causes some to seek it where others think it least probable to be found: some expect to obtain it in a perpetual succession of dissipation; and although it was never enjoyed in this round of delusive pleasures, its followers are encouraged to persevere in this pursuit from the many opportunities which it presents to flatter vanity and gratify pride and ambition. Not to give up the present for the future is a maxim closely observed by others, who consider it as folly to permit pleasures which are at hand to glide away without tasting them, from the uncertainty of being compensated by subsequent ones for this self-denial. But he who estimates his happiness upon such a precarious foundation as the enjoyment of pleasures which accident throws in his way, must either banish from his mind all thoughts of future, or be perpetually subject to the keenest anguish when his ideas extend over the scenes which bound his present felicity; where he has no prospect in view to continue it when these shall have been passed through, but where all satisfaction must cease with the temporary means that impart it, and which at farthest must be of a very limited and uncertain duration, and where all behind is gloomy and uncomfortable.

Where perseverance is only calculated to afford present pleasure by the exclusion of future, every one who is wholly disengaged from its influence would easily perceive to be a course which no man who had a just idea of happiness would pursue. But circumstances cause each to behold it in some peculiar point of view, and to make particular parts have some material weight which others pass over with indifference; and accidental impulses determine us in different paths for its attainment. The man who makes the enjoyment of present the motive of his activity and only object of his care deceives himself by considering it of too great importance, and by estimating the future too lightly: he may flatter himself with the possession of what

will secure present ease and compensate for subsequent troubles, and may banish foresight and prudence from their share in his councils; but these must ultimately convince him of his indiscretion, and the time which is *now* called future, and which in prospect seems at a distance, will shortly be at hand; the space between, which imagination magnifies into a wide extent, is soon passed over, and that state entered upon which it was forbid to anticipate. Still, with the certainty of this event before them, and in defiance of the suggestions of reason and prudence, will some pursue this mistaken path, and wilfully neglect the cautions of judgment and the evidence of truth; and as reflection can only serve to condemn and conscience to accuse them for this violation of their influence, as the last resource of evasion, and to elude their reproaches, the admonitions of the one and the interference of the other are totally disregarded.

That happiness is generally thought the best secured which possesses the most means of enjoyment; and that state which has a greater variety of pleasures to oppose to disappointments and accidents, is held up as one upon which these crosses take the least effect. Consequently riches, which to the superficial, afford all the means of happiness which the will can attain, is imagined to conduce the most to complete the wishes. But experience has found even these to be inadequate to the purpose, and rather to accumulate cares and create a greater variety of desires, with him who has no other enjoyments to substitute for them. It is not the qualification alone of such desires as a man might have felt when he looked forward to the possession of riches, which will constitute him happy; but, as he has the means of quieting these, other appetites will crave attention and must be gratified, or his present state will be still incomplete. Thus do fresh desires progressively spring up as preceding ones are satisfied, snd still require fresh acquisitions to be made to former means. But these means can only be obtained to a limited extent, and can seldom keep pace with the vehemence of desire; and accidents will often intervene to prevent their application, and either irritate impatience or arouse discontent. And how precarious and insecure is that state of

enjoyment which is shook by every gush of disappointment which rises against it! and when this is the only partition which preserves a man from misery, how ill is he prepared against the the assaults of calamity which resignation hath not taught him to soften and submit to, and how wretched his situation to be surrounded and insulted by the sight of grandeur which flattered him with happiness, and deprived of present enjoyment without having the consolation of hope to cheer him under affliction.

As therefore the advantages of fortune or situation cannot of themselves yield happiness independant on that frame of mind which is necessary to their enjoyment, it is the true interest of every one to cultivate such a train of sentiments as will the least be interrupted in giving satisfaction when these shall either be denied us or run counter to our wishes. All earthly happiness is extremely uncertain, and we are perpetually liable to have our best designs frustrated by events which human power cannot controul. No state is desirable but that which bears the prospect of a happy termination, and which after it is passed through can be reviewed with satisfaction. The life of man is a path of progression: there is no part in it at which he can stop and call himself happy independant on what follows; no enjoyment which is valuable, except as it stands favorably connected with the end; no present evil gratification which can for ever exclude remorse and secure insensibility from the dread of future; none which can always elude the upbraidings of conscience, and hide eternity from view. They alone experience true happiness whose actions are governed by a love of virtue and a sense of duty to God; who suppress every desire which cannot be complied with consistently with these principles; who are thankful and contented with the good which falls to their lot, without repining at that distribution of Providence which awards each his portion of earthly benefits; and who consider this life as a passage where crosses and disappointments are to be submitted to with fortitude and resignation, and as leading to another where these are for ever excluded, and where only they will realize the completion of all their hopes.

MENTOR.

ON BOOKS AND READERS.

The majority of readers of the present day ramble through books as post-boys ride through towns, merely for dispatch; and when they arrive at the end can tell you as little of the contents as those who carry the mail-bags can of the letters contained in them. The former, perhaps, will tell you how many pages they have read, and the latter how many miles they have rode; but if you want any further information you will, probably, go without it.

There are some men who read with such rapidity that they never retain any thing they meet with. Nothing strikes them through an hundred pages, but they love the action of reading, if that word may be used for a sedentary employment.

Florio reads every thing and retains nothing; from the first leaf to the last, he lets not a word escape his eye, but not a sentence makes an impression on his mind. Yet with all his forgetfulness *Florio* has an excellent memory; a most prodigious recollection. He will tell you most exactly the titles of all the books he has ever read, the names of the printers, and the editions they all have gone through; not omitting head and tail-pieces and other occasional ornaments that strike his imagination. You will ask what is the use of such a memory? *Florio* reads for diversion not drudgery—he amuses himself, he thinks of nothing else—communication afterwards he has no notion of: and if a man has found out a road to felicity through title-pages and indexes, has he not found out an art of being happy which all the learning in the world can never teach him?

The increase of knowledge *Florio* receives will never increase his sorrow; for sorrow is only a troublesome guest to those who think on what they read. The literary glutton never hurts his head, nor with all voracity suffers from indigestion.

BREVITAS.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

(Continued from our last.)

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork when Miss Louisa Friendly, begged to trouble me for a pidgeon that stood near me, in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped it into my mouth, hot as a burning coal: it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes was starting from their sockets: at last in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassioned my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire, and a glass of Sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness. But, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the Butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy with which I filled my mouth, already flead and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? Icould not swallow, and clapping my hand upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain over all the dishes, and I was saluted by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants and Lady Friendly chide her daughters, for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To release me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophhon, and covered my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh, while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a goblin damned; the lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled and I bear the mark of Cain on my forehead, yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame I must feel whenever this adventure shall be metioned, perhaps by your assistance when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion they will spare a BASHFUL MAN.

MEMOIRS OF AN UMBRELLA.

Tentenda via est qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo victorque virum volitare per ora.

An elevated station naturally produces or ought to produce elevated sentiments. A habit of spreading myself above the heads of mankind, like the poet from whom I have taken my motto, has begotten in me a wish to write this brief history of my life, that my name may live to posterity, when my silk, wood, and whalebone shall have mingled with their native earth. Mr. Gibbon, the historian, congratulates himself on not having been born a peasant or a slave. I too am not devoid of pride when I reflect that I might have been created twenty years ago, in which case I should infallibly have been born a compound of vile oil-cloth with a shabby ring at my head adhering to the forefinger of the Peripatetic, in lieu of possessing, as I did at my birth, a smart silken canopy, now spread like a Chinese dome, with a shining ring and glittering brass pinnacle; and now smoothly rolled round my polished stem in the character of a walking-stick. The first recollection I entertain of existence is in the shop of Messrs. Briggs and Son, the glib-glovers of Oxford-street. Mr. Briggs (the father) had long dealt exclusively in gloves and hosiery; umbrellas he used to say were very well, but quite out of his line: Mr. Briggs (the son) wished him to extend his line that he might catch more fish—the father was inexorable, and the son rebellious--accordingly one afternoon, unknown to his progenitor, he repaired to a manufac-

turer in Moorfields, and bespoke a lot by way of experiment. Great was the surprise, and still greater the indignation of old Briggs, when on entering the shop on Tuesday morning then next ensuing, he espied me and fifteen of my brethren arrayed in a thousand colours, perched in the shop window. "Zounds," cried the father, "I wash my hands of the speculation; the profit and loss shall be all your own." The aspiring youth consented to "stand the hazard of the die." The day closed and no purchaser appeared. Another day passed away and still the umbrellas were not in request: with hope gradually waning towards despair, Mr. Briggs, junior, had, on the third morning taken the tin aquarium with a small hole at the bottom, and was watering the shop floor in moody semi-circles, when the joyful sound "I want an umbrella," proceeding from the mouth of a female, roused him from his reverie, and caused him to drop the watering-pot, whose liquid contents rushed into the back parlour to the grievous annoyance of old Briggs' slippered soles. The young shopkeeper advanced, with many bows, to proffer his newly-purchased wares—my colour, I should have informed the reader, was sober green—the customer cast her eyes upon us and, fortunately, pitched upon me; paid her one pound ten shillings and carried me off. As we quitted the shop, I overheard the young glover exclaim to his father: "There, sir, what do you think of my speculation now?" but I retreated too fast to catch the answer. My purchaser was Mrs. Margaret Grimstone, a maiden lady of forty-seven; she had stiled herself *Miss* Grimstone till she had reached her forty-fifth year, when, thinking all chance of marriage at an end, she had exchanged Miss for Mrs. deeming imputed widowhood more reputable than antiquated virginity. Mrs. Grimstone usually spent half the morning in taking snuff and reading political pamphlets in Johnson the bookseller's shop; here, in converse with presbyterian divines, she was wont to rail at the establishment, they wondering at the blindness of the ministry in overlooking their mental merits, and she astonished at the blindness of mankind in remaining insensible of her personal attractions. With me in her lean paw she was in the act of trudging up Ludgate hill, when she was accosted by a fellow-labourer in

the political vineyard, Mr. Fowler, from the city; the usual salutations having past, the gentleman cast his eyes upon a large bill affixed to the gateway of the Bell Savage, informing the public that at Bedford-street a most interesting debate would that night take place,—namely, "Whether it would not be more consistent with the liberty of a free country that the office of Lord High Chancellor should be raffled for; and whether the parliament should not, in that case, abolish the Little Go Act?" "An admirable subject," quoth Fowler, "that Little Go Act is the devil. I was at Brighton last year, there was no raffling at the libraries, and I was as stupid in consequence as H———'s Travels." An appointment was forthwith made to adjourn, at eight o'clock, to the house of debate. But, alas! delays are dangerous! When our political couple had reached the bottom of the stairs, they found the candidates for the woolsack so numerous that there was no possibility of forcing an entrance. Mr. Fowler, therefore, escorted Mrs. Grimstone home, calling at the sign of the Black Boy in the way to replenish her snuff-box with three pennyworth of high dried. On arriving at her house the lady pressed Mr. Fowler to stay supper, promising him his share of some hot boiled tripe, cold bullock's heart and the segment of a suet dumpling; but not even these delicate viands rould prevail on the gentleman to stay. Mrs. Grimstone had deposited me at the foot of the stairs, and Mr. Fowler, on making his exit, snatched me up *sans ceremonie* unobserved by the maid, a sudden gust of wind having blown out her candle. The following day was destined to be a day of business; an immense dinner was cooking at the Crown and Anchor for some liberty purpose, but what in particular my curved polished head does not now remember. To this dinner Mr. Fowler of course repaired, and on arriving at the emporium of inebriate oratory, he was a little puzzled what to do with me; a natural fondness for smuggled wares promped him to take me with him into the dining room; but when he cast his eyes upon the crowd that darkened and dirtied the stair-case with heads that seemed to have performed the duties of the mop, and cravats that looked as though they had undergone the ablution of the kennel, his mind misgave him, and

he trembled lest some patriotic neighbour should purloin his recent acquisition. From this uncertainty he was awakened by a gentle touch upon the elbow proceeding from a man in black who exclaimed, "Won't you please to leave your hat and umbrella with me, sir? You'll find them troublesome in the room!" Mr. Fowler surveyed the spokesman and found him surrounded by at least sixty hats and forty umbrellas, with card labels numbered and affixed to them. "An excellent plan," cried Fowler, "an umbrella during a feast annoys the legs, and a hat quarrelleth with the feet, one cannot rise up to drink a toast or sentiment without stroddling like the Colossus of Rhodes." With this observation he deposited his two burthens, and receiving in exchange a card numbered 264, walked up stairs preceded by the sound of "ball-room" echoed from waiter to waiter. On the dinner and the guests, the toasts, sentiments, squibbs, and squabbles my remote situation prevented me from making any observations. Fowler was one of the last to leave the room, and on applying for his hat and umbrella found that some one had politely exchanged cards with him: his former number of 264 was changed to 127. I had vanished with a new round hat in the grasp of a patriot, and poor Fowler was forced to put up with a battered collection of broken whalebone, appertaining to number 127, and a greasy old three cornered beaver, which seemed to have strutted upon the skull of Sylvester Daggerwood. "If my neighbour possesses what I want," cried my new master, as he sallied out from the tavern door, "I have a right to deprive him of it." This fine G—w—ian principle, sailing in the very teeth of the decalogue, hit the bird in the eye, and the philosophers conscience was straitway unruffled. The rain had fallen in torrents, and mixed with half melted snow, had accumulated in large pools to the no small peril of the crossers. An old soldier had taken post at the corner of Norfolk-street, with a plank to act as a bridge for the foot passengers, and naturally looked for some reimbursement for his trouble. He accosted the Patriot for a few halfpence, and was saluted with "Phoo, you go to the devil," in answer. The veteran disliked the proffered journey, and determined to dispatch his opponent thither by

water carriage. He accordingly suddenly whipped away the plank while my purblind proprietor was in the act of stepping upon it—the consequence was equally obvious and calamitous —I and my master lay sprawling upon our respective sides in the torrent. A demure Quaker, wide in the girdle and narrow in principle, was passing by, with one hand he snatched me up, and with the other he helped up the poor be-spattered Patriot. "Where is thy umbrella, friend?" cried Aminadab, "thy fall knocked mine out of my hand; see how thou hast mudded it." The disciple of G——n begged the Quaker's pardon, who freely granted it, and walked off with me dangling upon his finger, leaving my late owner to rummage amid congenial mud for what his prim interrogator had so demurely deprived him of. For many a weary month I stood in the corner of the Quaker's parlour, and began to fear I was fixed there for life, when I was relieved by his cook-maid, who stepping across the street to gossip with a fellow-servant, took me with her to shelter her white cap from the rain. It was Valentine's-day, and so busy were the two ladies in talking about love, that my master's cook returned forgetting me. The groom appertaining to the opposite mansion soon espied me, and did not allow me to "waste my sweetness on the desart air:" with a quick step he bore me down Parliament-street, and at the corner of Downing-street was accosted by no less a friend than the celebrated Mr. Molyneaux, the black; they had no sooner shaken hands than they were mutually seized with a zeal for laying wagers. It was provoking, nothing wagerable occurred till Molyneux bethought him of an expedient. "I'll lay you a guinea," says the black, "that the next hackney-coach that passes is numbered above 500." "Done," cried the groom. A coach drove by; it was marked 630. "Oh! you flat," cried the cunning American: "don't you know that there are more hackney-coaches than 1000? the odds were in my favour." "A bite, by jingo," cried the defeated Centeur; but upon applying to his corderoys for coin, found he had none: it was a debt of honour, and must be paid somehow; I was considered to be about the value of the bet, and was surrendered to Molyneux, who struck my solitary brass toe in triumph on the pavement

with a force that made my ring rattle round my ribs. Mr. Molyneux took me with him in the course of time to the stall of old Mrs. Anderson, who sells gin and gingerbread, desiring her to keep me safe till he returned victorious from his approaching conflict with Crib. "Won't you want it to take down with you?" cried the dame. "No," answered the sable gladiator, "Lord Mill'em takes me down in his chariot, and the Duke of Dunder brings me back in his barouche." Mrs. Anderson promised to lock me up with her two silver spoons; but afterwards recollecting that gin and gingerbread would be in high request upon the occasion, packed up her eatables and drinkables, and with me spread over her head, mounted on the outside of the stage-coach to repair overnight to the scene of action. The mob assembled on the following day by thousands; "Jove consented in a silent shower," and boreas whistled over the heath like a rude plough-boy. Mr. Daffodil, an eminent poet was there, merely that he might say he *had been* there; he paid Dame Anderson eighteen-pence for the loan of me, and was raising me, to my no small gratification, when a cry of "down with umbrellas," soon levelled me with his legs. I now began to fear I had taken the journey to no purpose; but what can interest a beau so much as the preservation of his own person? Daffodill finding he must without my aid be wet to the lilly skin, quietly withdrew from his position, and occupied a post at the outside of the mob, where he might elevate me without molestation. I now obtained a commanding view of the fight; it was grand beyond description! to see lords from St. James's-street, merchants from Broad-street, bankers from Lombard-street, lawyers from Serle-street, and labourers from Dyott-street, met in congenial sympathy to enjoy a spectacle equally rational and refined, made me rejoice even to the marrow of my whalebone, when, alas! a sudden hurricane arose, which swept every man's beaver from his head, as though boreas had determined to turn hatter, and in an instant tore my silk skin from my bones, carrying the former over three fields into a elm-tre, and deposited my stem in a muddy cart rut; with that stem, like the hoof of Io, I now imprint my adventures; perhaps they may never see the light; but to suffer is

the lot of humanity. If many a genius in Arabia has been immured for an hundred years in a leaden cistern before he began to complain of his situation, why should I who am no genius grumble at being immured in a cart-rut?

O.

ACCOUNT OF JEFFREY RUDELL,

A CELEBRATED PROVENCAL TROUBADOUR,

With a Specimen of his Compositions.

In that voluminous work of De St. Palayes, entitled Memoires des Trobadours, none of the bards with whose biography he has favoured the public, excite our sympathy so strongly as Geoffery or Jeffrey Rudell, one of the most celebrated of the Provencal Troubadours: such an air of romance; such a chivalrous enthusiasm tinctures the few events of his life; such an affecting and truly dramatic catastrophe marks the close of it, that I am tempted to lay before the readers of the Theatrical Inquisitor, a short account, abridged from St. Palaye, of his principal adventures, and to endeavour translating for their amusement, a specimen of his compositions.

Jeffrey Rudell was a celebrated Provencal Troubadour; he was patronised by Jeffrey, the brother of our *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and what reflects, perhaps, greater honour upon his memory, was celebrated by the immortal Petrarch in one of his poems. This bard having heard from some of the adventurers who had returned from the Crusades, that a certain Countess of Tripoly was endowed with charms which had never been surpassed, became enamoured of her by the mere strength of imagination, and immediately embarked a-board a vessel bound for that place. On his voyage he fell sick through the fever of expectation, and when he, at length, arrived at Tripoly he was brought on shore half expiring. The Countess having received information of the arrival of the gallant stranger, and the peculiar circumstances which had prompted his voyage hastened to the sea-side, and took him tenderly by the hand, the enamoured, the

dying bard, upon this mark of courtesy opened his languid eyes, and at once overpowered by death and love, could only summon sufficient strength to sigh out, that having seen her he died satisfied, and expired in her arms. The Countess ordered a splendid funeral in honour of her ill-fated lover, and erected to his memory a tomb of porphyry inscribed with an epitaph in Arabian verse. She commanded his sonnets to be richly copied and illuminated with letters of gold, and being soon after, by reflecting upon his fate, seized with a profound melancholy, retired to a convent. The following stanzas are a translation of one of his sonnets which was written upon his voyage:—

"Yrat et dolent m'en partray, &c."

Pensive and sad I should depart,
My sighs would with the breezes stray;
But thoughts arise, to cheer my heart,
Thoughts of my love *so far away.*

For many a peril I may find,
May many an obstacle survey;
When these dim eyes no trace shall find
Of my dear land *so far away.*

Oh! thou, to whom all things owe birth,
Who o'er all living bearest sway,
Who form'd the fairest form on earth,
This love of mine *so far away.*

Inspire my fainting frame with strength,
Let my worn limbs in freedom play,
That I may gain those shores at length,
And see my love *so far away.*

Surely my passion is most chaste
More pure than light, or wave, or day;
Cannot but be on merit plac'd,
Since I love one *so far away.*

Love o'er my soul despotic reigns,
Where I in ease a moment lay,
Alas! I feel a thousand pains
For her who is *so far away.*

No flame has ever warm'd my heart,
Whate'er the slandering world may say,
But that which never will depart,
That raised by her *so far away*.

How fair her face, my fancy forms,
Oh! say what region can display,
One who can vie with her in charms,
Or either near *or far away*.

CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

(From Voltaire's Prize of Justice and Humanity.)

M. De Voltaire does not think two witnesses sufficient to prove the crime of a delinquent; and he relates several cases, besides the famous and well known case of the daughter of Sirven, which seem to justify his opinion. "A cabal," says he, "of the populace of Lyons, declared in 1772, that they saw a company of young people, carrying, amidst singing and dancing, the dead body of a young woman, whom they had ravished and assassinated. The depositions of the witnesses to this abominable fact, or pretended fact, were unanimous; and, nevertheless, the judges acknowledged solemnly in their sentence, that there had been neither singing nor dancing, nor girl violated, nor dead body carried. This may have been, in part, the fault of the judges, who (as our author insinuates, and even affirms more than once in this work) are in France often more perfidious and corrupt than the witnesses. The case, indeed, of M. de Pivardiere is most singular, as it is almost incredible, and is nevertheless (according to our author) a public fact. Madame de Chauvelin, his second wife, was accused of having had him assasinated in his castle. Two servant-maids were witnesses of the murder: his own daughter heard the cries and last words of her father: 'My God! have mercy upon me!' One of the maid-servants falling dangerously ill, took the sacrament; and while she was performing this solemn act of reli-

gion, declared before God, that her mistress intended to kill her master. Several other witnesses testified that they had seen linen stained with his blood; others declared that they had heard the report of the gun, by which the assassination commenced. His death was averred; nevertheless, at length it appeared, that there was no gun fired, no blood shed, nobody killed. What remains is still more extraordinary: M. de la Pivardiere returned home; he appears in person before the judges of the province, who were preparing every thing to execute vengeance on his murderer. The judges are resolved not to lose their process; they affirm to his face that he is dead; they brand him with the accusation of imposture for saying that he is alive; they tell him that he deserves exemplary punishment for coining a lie before the tribunal of justice; and maintain that their procedures are more credible than his testimony. In a word this criminal process continued eighteen months before the poor gentleman could obtain a declaration of the court that he was alive."

M. de Voltaire relates several other instances of the criminal precipitation, or still more criminal iniquity, of the French tribunals, in condemning to death in its most cruel forms, innocent, inoffensive, nay, virtuous citizens. The story of Monthaille, who, without any accuser, witness or any probable or suspicious circumstances, was seized by the superior tribunal of Arras in 1770, and condemned to have his hand cut off, to be broken on the wheel, and afterwards to be burned alive, for killing his mother, is one of those horrors that astonish and confound. This sentence was executed, and his wife was on the point of being thrown into the flames as his accomplice, when she pleaded her pregnancy, and gave the Chancellor of France, who was informed of this infernal iniquity, time to have the sentence reversed, when her husband had fallen a victim to the bloody tribunal of Arras. "The pen trembles in my hand," cries our author, "while I relate these enormities! We have seen by the letters of several French lawyers, that not one year passes in which one tribunal or another does not stain the gibbet or the rack with the blood of unfortunate citizens, whose innocence is afterwards ascertained when is is too late."

SIR THOMAS MORE AND TOM O'BEDLAM*.

Sir John Danvers's house at Chelsea stands in the very place where was that of the Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More, who had but one marble chimney-piece, and that plain.

Where the gate then stood there was in Sir Thomas More's time a gate-house, according to the old fashion. From the top of this gate-house was a most pleasant and delightful prospect, as is to be seen. His Lordship was wont to recreate himself in this place to appreciate and contemplate, and his little dog with him. It so happened that a Tom o'Bedlam got up the stairs when his Lordship was there, and came to him and cried "Leap, Tom, leap!" offering his Lordship violence to have thrown him over the battlements. His Lordship was a little old man, and, in his gown unable to make resistance; but having presentness of wit, said, "Let us first throw this little dog over." The Tom o'Bedlam threw the dog down: "*Pretty sport!*" said the Lord Chancellor: "*go down and bring him up again, and try again.*" Whilst the madman went down for the dog, his lordship made fast the door of the stairs, and called for help: otherwise he had lost his life.

* Till the breaking out of the civil wars, Tom o'Bedlams travelled about the country. They were poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where, recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a-begging: i. e. they had on their left arm an armilla of tin, printed in some works about four inches long. They could not get it off. They wore about their necks a great horn of an ox, in a string or bawdry, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and put the drink given them into this horn, whereto they had a stopple.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

PART II.

At length (about the year 1591) the great luminary of the dramatic world blazed out, and our poet produced those plays which have now, for two hundred years been the boast and admiration of his countrymen.

Our ealiest dramas, as we have seen, were represented in churches or near them by ecclesiastics: but at a very early period, I believe, we had regular and established players, who obtained a livelihood by their art. So early as in the year 1378, the singing-boys of St. Paul's represented to the King, that they had been at a considerable expence in preparing a stage representation at Christmas. These, however, cannot properly be called comedians, nor am I able to point out the time when the profession of a player became common and established. It has been supposed that the license granted by Queen Elizabeth to James Burbage and others in 1574, was the first regular license ever granted to comedians in England; but this is a mistake, for Heywood informs us that similar licenses had been granted by her father King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary.

King James the First appears to have patronised the stage with as much warmth as his predecessor. In 1599, while he was yet in Scotland, he solicited Queen Elizabeth (if we may believe a modern historian) to send a company of English comedians to Edinburgh; and very soon after his accession to the throne, granted a license to the company at the Globe, which is found in Rymer's *Fœdera*.

The exhibition of plays being forbidden sometime before the death of Charles I. Sir William D'Avenant in 1656 invented a new species of entertainment, which was exhibited at Rutland House, at the upper end of Aldersgate-street. The title of the piece, which was printed in the same year, is, *The Siege of Rhodes, made a Representation* by the Art of prospective

in Scenes; *and the story sung in recitative Musick.* "The original of this musick," says Dryden, "and of the *scenes* which adorned his work, he had from the Italian operas; but he heightened his characters (as I may probably imagine) from the examples of Corneille and some French poets."

The amusement of our ancestors, before the commencement of the play, were of various kinds. While some part of the audience entertained themselves with reading, or playing at cards, others were employed in less refined occupations; in drinking ale, or smoking tobacco: with these and nuts and apples they were furnished by male attendants, of whose clamour a satirical writer of the time of James I. loudly complains. In 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix*, women smoked tobacco in the playhouses as well as men.

It was a common practice to carry table-books to the theatre, and either from curiosity or enmity to the author, or some other motive, to write down passages of the play that was represented; and there is reason to believe that the imperfect and mutilated copies of one or two of Shakspeare's dramas which are yet extant, were taken down by the ear or in short-hand during the exhibition.

At the end of the piece, the actor's in noblemen's houses and in taverns, where plays were frequently performed, prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons; and in the public theatres for the king and queen. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue. Hence, probably, as Mr. Steevens has observed, the addition of *Vivant Rex et Regina*, to the modern play-bills.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth plays were exhibited in the public theatres on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week. The licence granted by that queen to James Burbage in 1574 shows that they were represented on that day, *out of the hours of prayer.*

The modes of conveyance to the theatre, antiently, as at present, seem to have been various; some going in coaches, others on horseback, and many by water. To *the Globe* play-house (which was situated on the southern side of the river Thames, nearly opposite to Friday-street, Cheapside) the com-

pany probably were conveyed by water: to that in *Blackfriars* (which stood in Playhouse-yard, near Apothecaries' Hall) the gentry went either in coaches or on horseback; and the common people on foot.

Plays in the time of King James the First, (and probably afterwards), appear to have been performed every day at each theatre during the winter season, except in the time of Lent, when they were not permitted on the sermon days, as they were called, that is, on Wednesday and Friday; nor on the other days of the week, except by special licence: which, however, was obtained by a fee paid to the Master of the Revels. In the summer season the stage exhibitions were continued, but during the long vacation they were less frequently repeated. However, it appears from Sir Henry Herbert's Manuscript, that the king's company usually brought out two or three new plays at the Globe every summer.

Though, from the want of Newspapers and other periodical publications, intelligence was not so speedily circulated in former times as at present, our ancient theatres do not appear to have laboured under any disadvantage in this respect; for the players printed and exposed accounts of the pieces that they intended to exhibit, which, however, did not contain a list of the characters, or the names of the actors by whom they were represented.

The long and whimsical titles which are prefixed to the quarto copies of many plays, were undoubtedly either written by booksellers or transcribed from the play-bills of the time. They were equally calculated to attract the notice of the idle gazer in the walks at St. Paul's, or to draw a crowd about vociferous Autolycus, who, perhaps, was hired by the players thus to raise the expectations of the multitude. It is indeed absurd to suppose, that the modest Shakspeare, who has more than one apologized for his *untutored lines*, should in his manuscripts have entitled any of his dramas *most excellent and pleasant* performances.

Neither Queen Elizabeth nor King James the First, nor Charles the First, I believe ever went to the public theatre; but they frequently ordered plays to be performed at court, which

were represented in the royal theatre called the Cockpit, in Whitehall: and the actors of the king's company were sometimes commanded to attend his majesty in his summer's progress, to perform before him in the country. Queen Henrietta Maria, however, went sometimes to the public theatre at Blackfriars. I find from the Council-books that in the time of Elizabeth ten pounds was the payment for a play performed before her; that is, twenty nobles, or six pounds, thirteen shillings, and four-pence, as the regular and stated fee; and three pounds, six shillings and eight-pence by way of bounty or reward.

In 1741 Garrick made his first appearance at the theatre in Goodman's-field; whose good taste led him to study the plays of Shakspeare with more assiduity than any of his predecessors. Since that time in consequence of Mr. Garrick's admirable performance of many of his principal characters, the frequent representation of his plays in nearly their original state, and above all, the various researches which have been made for the pupose of explaining and illustrating his works, our poet's reputation has been yearly increasing, and is now fixed upon a basis, which neither the lapse of time, nor the fluctuation of opinion will ever be able to shake.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE YOUNG BARD'S DYING ADDRESS.

The rose of my cheek is fading fast,
And death's dark snares are enthralling me;
Give me my harp, that while life shall last
I may strike its strings to the joys that are past,
And the woes that are now befalling me.

Let the girl of my soul, and the friend of my heart,
Come to my couch as though life were flourishing;
Let them cloud not their brows at the thought we must part,
Let them smile, and not heighten death's feverish smart,
Nor damp the bright thoughts their young Bard is nourishing.

Oh, rapidly now does life's last pulse beat,
Draw nearer, for death-drops my brows are bedewing,
Girl of my soul, sit ye down at my feet;
Friend of my heart, as life's moments are fleet
List to his will—whose warm soul was his ruin.

And first to thee, girl of my soul, whose smile
Beams sweeter than sun-beam in stormy weather,
Whose gaze can e'en now death's last pangs beguile;
Oh! list to thy poor dying Bard for a while,
Oh! let thy regard and his lay flow together.

Not much has a poor son of song to bestow,
But take thee, my girl, what he holds the dearest,
The book that contains all his wild-harp's flow,
The book that his soul and his love will show,
Which, next to thyself, his warm heart was nearest.

And, oh! as thou pour'st o'er his fanciful spell,
Oh! let the bright tear-drop his warm page cherish;
Oh! sigh o'er the heart that could love so well,
The heart that in youth's young morning fell,
To whom Love said "live," but the Muse said "perish."

Growing dim are those eyes, whose once greatest joy
Was to gaze on thy charms, and thy beauties discover:
And dry are the lips of the soul-feeling boy,
And lost is their dew which you'd swear ne'er could cloy,
As you paid with soft kisses the strains of your lover.

One dove-like kiss on my hot lip press,
'Twill cheer my sad soul when on death I'm musing.
Nay, shed not that tear, check that sigh of distress,
Away with thee, girl, thy Bard's mem'ry bless,
For he was the youth of thine own hearts choosing.

Come, friend of my heart, and my last wishes know,
Give me your hand, for my frame grows fainter;
To thee, the dear care of my fame I bestow,
Oh! sav't from the blight of the cynical foe;
Oh! shield my young Muse, nor let calumny taint her.

Turn over the few leaves of my volume of life,
One page you'll find cover'd o'er with stol'n kisses,
Another is torn with the turmoils of strife,
A third with distractions and crosses are rife;
But to one page of woe you'll find two of wild blisses.

And, what if some errors obscur'd my youth,
Are there not spots on the sun's bright surface?
Though I was a traitor to love and to truth;
Though in toying with Nona I sinn'd—yet in sooth
Who'd not have sinn'd when sin mask'd in her face?

Oh! hang my harp on the poplar pale,
And 'twill sigh with the summer-noon's breath,
'Twill murmur out strains in the evening gale,
As sweet their flow, and as wild the tale,
As if wak'd by him who'll then sleep in death.

Oh! wreathe my harp with the flowers of spring,
They'll an emblem just of its master be:
Awhile they're as gay as the summer-fly's wing,
When in the bright sun-beams he sportively fling,
And anon they are dying like me.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

LOVE AT SALE.

[THE IDEA IS TAKEN FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM.]

(From Poems by M. G. Lewis, Esq.)

Come buy my ware! come buy! come buy!
Fond youths and curious maids, draw nigh;
I have this lovely wicked boy to sell.
Go not, fair girls, his cage too near!
Though mild his looks, his arrows fear;
Be still, the urchin's faults and merits while I tell.

He in this little form unites
The pangs of hell, and heaven's delights;
He reigns the lord of ev'ry mortal heart:
He wounds the peasant, wounds the king,
And is the fairest, falsest thing,
That e'er excited joy, or bade a bosom smart.

Light as the wind, wild as the wave,
He's both a tyrant and a slave;
A fire that freezes, and a frost that's hot;
A bitter sweet, and luscious sour!—
Wretched is he, who knows his power;
Yet far more wretched still is he, who knows it not.

His tongue is with persuasion tipt;
His darts in poison'd honey dipt
Speed to the bosom their unerring flight;
His lips are rich in flattering lies,
And oft a fillet o'er his eyes
He binds, and so conceals his faults from his own sight.

He has two cheeks of blushing red;
He has two wings which still are spread,

When most his stay is wished, most swift to fly:
He joys in wanton tricks and wiles,
And mark! that when he sweetest smiles,
Then is the rogue most sure those tricks and wiles to try.

For well, alas! too well I know,
He is the source of every woe,
To faith a stranger, 'gainst contrition steeled;
But yet when first the false one came,
And kindled in my heart a flame,
Who had believed deceit in such a form concealed!

He begg'd so gently on my breast
Awhile his little head to rest!
He seem'd so good, so grateful and so meek!
He said, "he long had sought around
A resting place—but none had found!"
And then I saw a tear pearl down his rosy cheek.

Who could, unmoved, his accents hear?
Who had not wiped away that tear?
His tale of guile my ready ear believed;
He looked so sweet, he spoke so fair,
With ease the traitor gained his prayer,
And in my heart of hearts with transport was received.

But since I find his friends most true
Have reason most his spite to rue,
I'll take the dear-bought conviction's sage advice,
And drive him from my breast away:
He shall no more my trust betray,
But be the slave of him who bids the highest price.

Observe, whoe'er shall buy this boy,
This offspring of Despair and Joy,
May have besides, (I've use for them no more)
A lot of jealous doubts and fears,
Of fainting Virtue's last pure tears,
Of treacherous smiles, and oaths which perjured lovers swore:

Of torches, their unsteady fires
Kindled by sweet Fifteen's desires;
Of hopes created by a guileful sigh;
Of worn-out wings; of broken darts,
Whose points still rankle in the hearts
Of fond forsaken maids!—Come buy! come buy! come buy!

But see him now, for pardon sue!
See, how his eye of glossy blue
With mingled hope and grief he lifts to me!
Ah! lovely boy, thy fears dismiss,
Convinc'd by that forgiving kiss,
That I can never part from Julia and from thee.

HOPE AND FEAR.

(From the same.)

Two Pilgrims, Hope and Fear, agreed,
To Pleasure's altar they'd proceed,
And sacrifice together;
Fair Hope was young; but Fear was old,
And drooped with heat, and shrunk with old,
While Hope still praised the weather.

Quoth Fear—"I guess, ere long, 'twill rain!"
—"And then," said Hope, "'twill clear again."——
—"Yon rock, so steep and frightful,
To climb," said Fear, "'twere vain to try!"
—"Oh! yes, we will," was Hope's reply;
"The view must be delightful!"

—"I'm sure," said Fear, "we've missed the way,
And ne'er shall reach the shrine to-day;
My strength, my spirits falter!"
—"On! On?" said Hope, "I know we're right!"
And oft mistook the Northern Light
For lamps on Pleasure's Altar.

At length they reached the blooming fane
In spite of danger, toil, and pain,
Rough ways, and stormy weather;
When lo! from Pleasure's torch there came
A flash of roseate fire, whose flame
Killed Hope and Fear together.

Hope, while she lived, was well beloved;
Yet when she died, no soul was moved
To feel one hour's depression,
All thought her place so well supplied
By mild content's celestial bride,
Whom mortals call—"Possession!"

EPIGRAMS.

I.

(From the Greek of Politian.)

The rains descend, the wintry blast blows keen,
See! all in haste desert the rural scene!
Teems the full city! you the mountain steep
Traverse alone, or stem the torrent's deep:
In dew be-sprinkled grots, your toils prepare,
Or chace the chamois or listening hare:
Or woo the nymphs with more than mortal song,
While rapt groves listen, and the strains prolong.
But brave no more, my friend, the inclement skies;
Rejoin our choir, and think of social joys:—
But say, to solitude what sweets can yield
The morning's fragrance, or the ambrosial field.

II.

(From the same.)

See, dreary Notus shakes his flagging wing
'Mid scowling skies,—while Boreas hastes to fling
His snowy influence round: the grove has shed
Its wither'd honours on the mountain's head.

Even funeral cypress and the sombre pine,
(Retained their verdure) now their fruits resign:
Yet still productive through the wintry scene
The olive blooms, and laurel ever green.
Wisdom! thy plants no blights of age consume,
Deathless they bud,—and breathe a rich perfume.

III.

From the Greek.

Through that perspicuous vase the tiny shower
That ceaseless falls, and marks the passing hour,
Alcippus was by Golla's glances fir'd,
Who burnt despairing, and in dust expir'd.
Ill-fated dust! thy restless motion shows
That death itself to love denies repose.

IV.

(*From the German.*)

We do not want Physic, but do want the Fair,
So bring me my girl, take the doctor away:
We can't *live* without women, that's very clear,
But we all without physic can *die* any day.

V.

THE FOUR AGES OF WOMAN.

(*From the French.*)

WOMAN;

In infancy, a tender flower,
Cultivate her:

A floating bark in girlhood's hour,
Softly freight her.

A fruitful vine when grown a lass,
Prune, and please her:

Old, she's a heavy charge, alas!
Support, and ease her!

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

November, 26, Tancred and Sigismunda, Love, Law, &c.
27, Lord of the Manor, ib.
28, Alexander the Great, ib.
30, Richard the Third, ib.
Dec. 1, Alexander the Great, Midas,
2, Renegade, Spoil'd Child,
3, ib Love Law and Physic,
4, Alexander the Great, Midas,
5, Renegade, Love Law and Physic,
7, ib. Oscar and Malvina,
8, Alexander the Great, Midas.
9, Renegade, Love, Law, and Physic,
10, ib. ib.
11, ib. ib.
12. Earl of Warwick. Farmer,
14, Macbeth, Love Law, and Physic,
15, Alexander, Midas,
16, Renegade, Love, Law, and Physic,
17, Lord of the Manor, Escapes,
18, Renegade, Love, Law and Physic,
19, Alexander the Great, Killing no Murder,
21, Venice Preserved, Hit or Miss.
22, Siege of Damascus, Love, Law, and Physic.
23, Renegade, Bombastes, Midas.
26, George Barnwell, New Pantomine.

We are obliged to defer our remarks on the Renegade, the new Pantomime, and the first appearance of a Mr Seymour in Richard the Third till next month.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Dec. 1. Isabella, Raising the wind.
2. Rivals, Quaker.
3. West Indian, Turn Out.
4. Hypocrite, How to Die for Love.
5. Isabella, Review.
7. Provok'd Husband, High Life below Stairs.
8. Douglas, Matrimony.
9. Rule a Wife, My Grandmother.
10. Clandestine Marriage, Irishman in London.
11. Suspicious Husband, Three and Deuce.
12. Isabella, Assignation.
13. Jealous Wife, Mayor of Garratt.
15. Douglas, Irishman in London.
16. Honey Moon, Turn Out.
17. Castle of Andalusia, How to Die for Love.
18. All in the Wrong, Review.
19. Romeo and Juliet, The Quaker.
21. Castle of Andalusia, Honest Thieves.
22. Isabella, Hit or Miss.
23. Cabinet, Midnight Hour.
26, George Barnwell, Harlequin Humpo.
28, Man and Wife, ib.
29, Romeo and Juliet, ib.
30. John Bull, ib.

Dec. 12. 1812. A new farce was produced at this Theatre called "*Assignation*," It was condemned and withdrawn. Miss Smith * has delighted the town, by her powerful delineation of the Characters of *Isabella* (Fatal Marriage) and Matilda, (Douglas) *Rae*, has represented the Characters of *Young Norval* and *George Barnwell*, by these performances he has added little or nothing to his former reputation. He is nevertheless an actor of first rate powers. *Braham* has appeared in the *Castle of Andalusia* twice, in the *Cabinet* once. The Theatre on those nights were particularly well attended.

*Next Month we shall notice more fully Miss Smiths performances of Isabella, and Matilda, Mr. Rae's George Barnwell and Young Norval.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

THEATRE-ROYAL EDINBURGH.

From the Edinburgh Correspondent.

On Saturday evening (Sept. 14) the theatre opened for the season. I was sorry, however, to observe, that the auditory was not so numerous as might have been expected, especially when I compare the attention bestowed on former occasions. If I am permitted to conjecture, I think I may adduce reasons which, perhaps, may have operated on the minds of many,—I mean the disappoint which may have been experienced, that by the unavoidable detention of Lord Ogleby in London, the Clandestine Marriage has been postponed, and that in its stead there should be presented the Honeymoon,—or, in other words, that here the effect precedes the cause.

The Honeymoon, however, may be placed in the class of some of the best English dramas. The plot is excellent and in the description Mr. Tobin has done it great justice. The method adopted by the Duke Aranza to try the love of Juliana, and to discover her ideas of contentment is certainly an efficacious one; yet, considering the tantalizing, nay mortifying situation in which she is placed, there is, at least, some degree of reason for the uneasiness and discontent, on her part. It is natural to suppose, that the temptation held out of her becoming a duchess, must have been as conducive to rousing her spirits, as the idea of her being only the inhabitant of a cottage was the means of depressing them. But, even in this humble situation, with a husband, and a loving one too, she might be happy; and it is a beautiful example, that, notwithstanding the great irritation she received, sensible of her folly, she becomes quite metamorphosed,—submissive and seemingly happy in her humble situation, and by her attachment to a husband whom she supposes has imposed upon her, she at last receives the just reward due to a contented mind.

The character of the Duke of Aranza was delineated in a correct manner by Mr. Siddons. In the passage, where, after

the father of Juliana insists upon her following him, the Duke exclaims, "On a wife's obedience, I charge you stir not!" Mr. Siddons evinced great command of countenance. This was undoubtedly the most perfect delineation throughout the character. I am inclined to think that the Duke and Leon are his principal parts in comedy; but it must be obvious to every one that he excels in tragedy. Indeed it is natural to think so, since he has had the benefit of instruction from a parent whose powers are so great. Rolando was performed by Mr. Jones in a very respectable manner; but I am sorry I must repeat, that one great fault in the performance of this gentleman is the want of proper animation. He might easily attain this, however by perseverance,—a greater degree of confidence on his part and more encouragement towards him on the part of his auditory.

Mr. W. Murray, as Jaques, afforded great amusement. I presume it was the first time he attempted the character; and as he did it justice, great merit is due to him. I am happy to observe, too, that he seems to have gained a greater degree of confidence.

Juliana was represented by a Miss Phillips, being her first appearance in this city. Sensible as I am of the difficulty attending a first appearance before an audience, I feel for those who undertake the task, and confess that every indulgence ought to be shown them. I conceive, therefore, it would be premature to offer any opinion upon the abilities of this lady, as it is impossible that any performer in these circumstances can appear to the greatest advantage. When this lady made her *entre*, however, and during the greater part of the play, I was inclined to suppose she was by no means an eminent actress. On the contrary, there appeared to be a degree of awkwardness in her manner that indicated she was not so. Her fortitude, however, increased considerably; and having exchanged the gay dress of the duchess for the rustic attire of the cottager, the manner in which she delineated affected contentment, in one scene in particular, induced me to form a more favourable opinion of her, and now I must say she is by no means inferior. This lady would appear to infinitely more advantage, however, if she

could lay aside many superfluous gestures which are not to the purpose; and if she could pause longer at sentences which evidently require it.

I was happy to observe that Mrs. W. Penson, after a long absence, has resumed the exercise of her professional avocations. She personated Volante in an easy and natural manner. By the seeming liveliness of her disposition, and the great command of an intelligent and animated countenance, she copies nature so closely in every case, that I must say her performance of this character was throughout perfect.

December 23. 1812. A new play in three acts was produced at the above Theatre under the title of *Caledonia, or the Rose and the Thistle*

The following is a brief account of the plot:—Malcolm and Archibald (Siddons and Terry) are the sons of a certain Highland Baron, (Archer,) the younger of whom, Archibald, contrives, by the usual process of lies and concealment. forged and intercepted letters, to poison the ear of the father against his eldest Malcolm, who is absent with the illustrious Wallace, fighting the battles of his country. After the defeat of his heroic leader he continues to animate his surviving followers: and, by a chance of war, saves the life of the English General (Jones,) with whom, as a token of amity, he exchanges the thistle of Caledonia for the rose of the south—thus pledging each other to inviolable friendship, and furnishing a well-sounding title to the piece. Archibald, meanwhile, who is as nefarious a wight as ever started up in a shape of a discontented younger brother, has betrayed his father's castle to the English, and locked up the good old chieftain in one of its most dismal towers; besides laying violent siege to the heart of Matilda, his brother's betrothed, and committing various other acts of exceeding enormity. Matilda, however, is rescued from his violence by Rosa and her lover Colin (Mrs. Penson and Russell,) the faithful adherents of Malcolm. Chance conducts Malcolm to the prison-tower of his father, but failing in his endeavour to liberate him, is made the companion of his dungeon. Achibald, the prey of terror and remorse, determines nevertheless to assassinate his

brother; but, at the moment when this purpose is to be carried into effect he is surprised and killed by the English leader; and the piece concludes by the proclamation of a truce betwixt England and Scotland, the union of the lovers, and the friendly junction of the thistle and the rose.

From this sketch it will be seen that there is not much of novelty in the piece, though there is a good deal of interest. Many of its incidents are, indeed so closely and palpably borrowed from Schiler's drama of the Robbers, that the aid ought certainly to have been acknowledged in the prologue. Malcolm and Archibald were exactly Charles and Francis de Moor, allowing for the inferiority of the copies to the original; and the imprisonment of the old chieftain, and his discovery by Malcolm, is not less conspicuously an imitation. Notwithstanding this, however, the piece went off with a triumphant majority in its favour, and was announced for repetition with very few dissentient voices. Its success is chiefly to be attributed to the interest of Rosa and Colin, who furnished a pretty comic underplot, which is quite original; besides the elegance of the dresses, some beautiful new scenery, and a variety of our finest old melodies, arranged very skilfully by Mr. Penson, as songs and duets for Colin and Rosa. One of these, to the lovely and almost forgotten air of Mary of Castlecary, was loudly encored; and by, its great sweetness and fascination, certainly helped forward the good humour that ultimately decided the fate of the piece.

A Parody on the Beautiful maid, extremely well sung by Mr. Russell, contained some national allusions, which were very ill relished; but, excepting in this instance, and another where Archibald (Terry) talks about being "himself again," we do not recollect that any decided dislike was exhibited during the representation. At announcing the piece for repetition the manager promised, that what had been marked as exceptionable should be expunged.

The prologue was charmingly delivered by Mrs. Siddons, and received with high applause. A new national overture by Mr. Penson, is by far the happiest effort of the kind we have heard and does additional credit to that very ingenious and excellent musician. The house was crowded in every part. Report has assigned this production to various individuals, but whether rightly in any one of her guesses we know not.

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